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THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE



ROMEO AND JULIET



FRANK DICKSEE, R.A. PINXT.

Romeo and Juliet.

SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO AND
JULIET



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INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

ROMEO AND JULIET.—The group of Shakspeare's work in which *Romeo and Juliet* finds a place¹ is bound together, not by farce or comedy of errors, but by strong passion and by richness of fancy. The love which rises in the *Errors* and develops in *The Two Gentlemen*, bursts into full force in *Romeo and Juliet*. The play gives us that passion lawful in woman and man; *Venus and Adonis* gives it us unlawful in woman; *The Rape of Lucrece* unlawful in man; and in Juliet we have the first striking figure of Shakspeare's youthful conception of womanhood. That glorious figure of girlhood, clad in the beauty of the Southern spring, stepping out for scarce two days from the winter of her lover's home into the sunshine and warmth of love, and then sinking into the chill and horrors of the charnel-house and the grave, is one that ever haunts the student of Shakspeare. Wander where he will, the Cenci eyes of Juliet are still on him, and draw him to them as with the attraction of a loadstone.

¹ The Passion Group: *Romeo and Juliet* (1591-3), *Venus and Adonis* (1593), *Lucrece* (1593-4), part of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, printed 1599.

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The play was prepared for in *The Two Gentlemen* by the lament of Valentine for his banishment from Sylvia—

“And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself,
And Sylvia is myself: banished from her
Is self from self, a deadly banishment. .
Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Sylvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.”

This deeper, richer note of love than Shakspeare had yet struck (how thin Berowne's—Biron's—sounds beside it!) becomes deeper and richer still in *Romeo and Juliet*. It is there indeed the very ecstacy of love, that without which life is worthless, that without which death is welcome. See, too, how Shakspeare has thrown himself into the life of Italy. As Miss Constance Astley well asks, “Who feels himself in England while reading *Romeo and Juliet*? Fierce Tybalt, gay fiery Mercutio, gallant Benvolio, tender, chivalrous Romeo: we see them breathe and move under the intense blue of an Italian sky. The day is hot, the Capulets are abroad, Mercutio's laugh rings down the street, his jewelled cap flames in the sun-light,—such sights and sounds as these crowd upon our fancy in the streets of Verona, more than any historical reminiscences of Can grande.” Passion lends the lovers power, as the Chorus says. It is the time of affections and warm youthful blood, “For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.” “But these violent

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delights have violent ends," and Juliet's "I have no joy in this contract to-night," and Romeo's "My mind misgives some consequence," with the Friar's "They stumble, that run fast," and Juliet's "ill-divining soul," prepare us for the end that awaits the delicious, passionate love of the garden scene. Far above anything of the kind that Shakspeare has yet given us stands this, and the lovers' subsequent meeting and parting. The character of Juliet, too—who is the guiding spirit of the play, and far above Romeo, whose sentimental weeping for Rosalind, and unmanly grovelling in tears on hearing of his exile, call forth the Friar's well-deserv'd reproach,—is also greater than any we have had before. Mercutio as contrasted with Berowne is also a great advance—note that delightful imputation of his own quarrelsomeness to the quiet Benvolio, the only commonsense man of the party: it's worthy of Falstaff:—while the Nurse is the first and only figure of her kind, except perhaps Mrs. Quickly, in Shakspeare. That fussy, bustling, hot-temper'd old Capulet is a capital figure too: he'd be surely akin to Brown-ing's "Italian Person of Quality, Down in the City," if the latter could be well-remember'd. But the play is young all through, not only in its passion, its excess of fancy verging on conceit, but in its simile of Paris and the book in I. iii., and in its lamentation scene (IV. v.), in which the Nurse almost reproduces Pyramus and Thisbe, and which has been even supposed by some to belong to an old play. The quarrels of the families take us into the history of mediæval Italy; the deaths

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of the children bring about the reunion which their lives could not accomplish. The date of the play is fixt by the Nurse's allusion—

“On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen . . .
’Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was weaned,”

which eleven should be seemingly thirteen, unless Juliet was suckled till she was three. The great earthquake of Shakspeare's time, to which he also probably alludes in *Venus and Adonis*, was in 1580, and I am content with the date of 1591 for the play, though it may stretch to 1593. It was certainly known in some form before 1595, the date of Weever's sonnet wherein it is mentiond. Its links with *Midsummer-Night's Dream* are seen in Mercutio's Queen Mab speech, and in its “white wonder of dear Juliet's hand” and “so shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,” when set by Demetrius's speech on the “pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,” which is turned to a crow by contrast with Helena's hand, &c., &c. *Romeo and Juliet* was first publisht in 1597, by John Danter, in a spurious “edition made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance.” (P. A. Daniel.) Secondly, in 1599, by Cuthbert Burby, in a genuine edition which “gives us for the first time a substantially true representation of the original play.” 3, by John Smethwick, in 1609, Q. 3, from Q. 2; and from this 3rd Quarto were printed the undated 4th Quarto and the Folio of 1623. (Q. 5

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from Q 4, dated 1637. (Parallel Texts of the 1st and 2nd Quartos, 1597, 1599, were edited by my friend Mr. P. A. Daniel, in 1874, and presented to the members of the New Shakspeare Society by Prince Leopold, one of its Vice Presidents, after whom Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s "Leopold Shakspeare" was named. Mr. Daniel's edition and its introduction I commend to the study of my readers. Mr. Daniel's revised text, based on the 2nd Quarto, was also issued by the New Shakspeare Society.) The source of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet* is Arthur Brooke's English *Romance*, amplified and translated from Boastuau's *Histoires Tragiques Extraictes des Œuvres de Bandel*, and probably an older English Play on the subject of Romeo. Boastuau's work is a translation of Bandello's, who, in his turn, took the story from Luigi Da Porto's tale of Romeo and Giulietta.¹ Various versions of the tale became localised in different Italian cities; and many elements of the story may be found in old Greek romances, themselves probably derived from Asiatic sources. Brooke's poem was published by Richard Tottill, in 1562, "The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br.;" and is reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. i., pp. 69-204, with William Painter's englishing (1567, in *The Palace of Pleasure*) of Boastuau's French paraphrase of Bandello's Italian "*Romeo e Giulietta*," *ib.*, pp. 205-290 in Malone's *Variorum Shakspeare*, 1821, in Collin's *Shak-*

¹ Da Porto's novel, together with that of Bandello, was reprinted and edited by my friend Ciro Chiarini with his Italian translation of Shakspeare's Play in 1906.

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spere's Library, and in Halliwell's Folio edition of Shakspeare. Both poem and tale were also edited for the New Shakspeare Society by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in 1874, and his Introduction to them should be read, as it shows to what author the different incidents used by Shakspeare are due. The poem was also modernised and edited for the "Shakespeare Classics" by Mr. J. J. Munro in 1907. The fragments of the Latin play on *Romeo and Juliet* in the Sloane MS. 1775, notist by Mr. Hunter, *Illustr.*, i. 130, are supposed by Prof. Gollancz merely to be the exercise of a Cambridge student. As the many alterations in the MS. show it to be the writer's own, and it is clearly later in date than Shakspeare's play, it is not of much consequence.¹ The time of the action of the play is 5½ days. The ball is on Sunday night; the lovers are married on Monday, and pass the night together; Juliet drinks the sleeping draught² on Tuesday night; and on Wednesday, instead of marrying Paris, is found seemingly dead, and is entombed. She sleeps less than 42 hours. On Thursday night Romeo returns, and poisons himself before Juliet awakes ere Friday dawns. She stabs herself; and their families are roused from their sleep to come to the

¹ This Latin play is certainly of the early part of the 17th century. The MS. contains other poems, apparently in the same handwriting, among which is mentioned the *Rex Platonius* of Joseph Barnasius, written in 1605. The Latin is evidently based on Brooke's poem. (See H. de Wolf-Fuller's paper on *Romeo and Juliet*, in *Modern Philology*, July, 1906.)—M.

² Sir B. W. Richardson got some "mandrake" from Greece, and his experiments with it proved to him that the poison which Friar Laurence was made to give Juliet was "mandrake wine," called "death-wine" by the old Greeks. They used it for surgical operations, as we do chloroform, and it had the effect of causing apparent death."—*Daily News*, 23rd Nov., 1896.

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tomb. (See Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. New Shaks. Soc.*, 1877-79, p. 194.)

"Shakspeare's use of Brooke's poem," says Mr. Munro, "is worthy of study as showing at once his dramatic instinct and methods. He compressed the action of the story from many months to a few days; he shifted old Capulet's contract with Paris from the middle of the tale to the very beginning—before even Romeo had seen Juliet, and he caused Paris to be slain at the close of the play, thus increasing the tragedy of the ending; he introduced Tybalt's fury at the feast; he caused Romeo to slay Tybalt only after the killing of gay, reckless Mercutio, not, as in the poem, on the access of an uncontrollable fury in response to Tybalt's own; his characters are in every way more perfect and individualised and better defined than those of Brooke; he condensed Brooke's tiresome and prolix harangues into speeches full of dramatic power and poetic beauty; he developed the characters of the Nurse and the Apothecary, already well outlined by Brooke; he created Mercutio.¹ Many of his characters in *Romeo and Juliet* possess earlier and less perfect models in the *Two Gentlemen*, many phrases are similar, and some situations are analogous, these similarities being generally due to borrowings from Brooke's poem. Proteus, like Romeo, is forced to go abroad, and his love changes, like Romeo's, from one object to another; Valentine, on his banishment from Silvia and the

¹ Several of these differences to Brooke's poem, however, appear to have existed also in the earlier and unknown play on Romeo which Brooke mentions in his poem. (See Wolf-Fuller's paper mentioned above.)

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Duke's court, plays in his grief on the word 'banished' (III. i. p. 76) as Romeo does under similar circumstances (III. iii. p. 104). When Valentine is seized by the outlaws, he states, as the reason for his banishment, that he kild a man in honourable fight (IV. i. p. 89), a reminiscence of the killing of Tybalt. Proteus's father does not approve of his love, and he says (I. iii. p. 34), 'O! that our fathers would applaud our loves, To seal our happiness with their consents!' Antonio's concern about his son Proteus (I. iii. p. 32-33) is like Montague's about Romeo (I. i. p. 22-24), and his haste to have his will accomplit is like Capulet eager to marry Juliet. Thurio occupies the same position as Paris; and Silvia's love, like Juliet's, is endangered by her father's desire to wed her in the absence of her lover. Proteus protests his love to Silvia above him at her window (IV. iii. p. 93-96); and she, in order to escape to Valentine goes to the cell of a friar, ostensibly for the purpose of confession. Valentine, in order to climb to her window at night, proposes, like Romeo, to make use of a ladder of rope.

"All these similarities are due to the influence of Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, a further consideration of the connexion between this poem and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* may be found in the Introduction to the latter play.

"*Romeo and Juliet* also possesses textual connexion with *Hamlet*. In Brooke's poem we find a description of the change of preparations for Juliet's wedding with Paris into arrangements for her funeral (ll. 2508-2514). This situation is exprest by Shak-

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spere in *Romeo* in Act IV., Sc. v., p. 141; and Capulet, previously giving orders for the feast, says, 'Look to the baked-meats, good Angelica' (IV. iv. p. 135). The reverse circumstance is pictured by Hamlet, his father's burial swiftly turning to his mother's wedding, when he says, 'Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.' Lady Capulet assigns Tybalt's death as the cause of Juliet's grief, and the King thinks the death of Hamlet's father to be the cause of his strange demeanour; in Brooke's work Lady Capulet reproves Juliet for her useless grief for Tybalt: 'You cannot call him back with tears and shriekings shrill; It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will,' she says (ll. 1797-8); Juliet is reproved in the same way by her mother in Shakespeare's play (III. v. pp. 115-6); and the king reproving Hamlet says 'Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven, a fault against the dead, a fault to nature,' etc. (I. ii. p. 44).¹

"The season of *Romeo* is fixt by the singing of the nightingale as late Spring or early Summer. This agrees fairly well with the season in Brooke's poem, where Romeo and Juliet meet about Christmas-time, and part some time afterwards."

¹ Compare Benvolio seeing Romeo in the grove of sycamore, from whence he steals into the covert of the wood (I. i.), with Boyet in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V. ii.), stealing from the shade of sycamore into the thicket to watch the king and his companions. Old Capulet saying of his daughter, "But now I see this one is one too much (III. v. p. 120), recalls Brabantio exclaiming, "I am glad at soul I have no other child" (*Othello* I. iii. p. 43); and the grey old father, looking over the body of Juliet and saying, "Life and these lips have long been separated" (IV. v. p. 138), brings to mind Lear with his dead Cordelia in his arms, looking on her lips and saying, "Never, never, never, never, never!" (V. iii. p. 183).

ROMEO AND JULIET

- | | |
|--|---|
| ESCALUS, <i>Prince of Verona.</i> | PETER, <i>another Serrant to Capulet.</i> |
| PARIS, <i>a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.</i> | ABRAHAM, <i>Serrant to Montague.</i> |
| MONTAGUE, <i>{ Heads of two Houses, at variance with each other.</i> | <i>An Apothecary.</i> |
| CAPULET, <i>{</i> | <i>Three Musicians.</i> |
| <i>Uncle to Capulet.</i> | <i>Chorus.</i> |
| ROMEO, <i>Son to Montague.</i> | <i>Page to Paris; Another Page; an Officer.</i> |
| MERCUTIO, <i>Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.</i> | LADY MONTAGUE, <i>Wife to Montague.</i> |
| BENVOLIO, <i>Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.</i> | LADY CAPULET, <i>Wife to Capulet.</i> |
| TYBALT, <i>Nephew to Lady Capulet.</i> | JULIET, <i>Daughter to Capulet.</i> |
| FRIAR LAURENCE, <i>a Franciscan.</i> | <i>Nurse to Juliet.</i> |
| FRIAR JOHN, <i>of the same Order.</i> | <i>Citizens of Verona; Kingsfolk of both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.</i> |
| BALTHASAR, <i>Serrant to Romeo.</i> | |
| SAMPSON, <i>{ Serrants to Capulet.</i> | |
| GREGORY, <i>{</i> | |

SCENE.—During the greater part of the Play, in VERONA :
once, in the Fifth Act, at MANTUA

Enter Chorus

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

Romeo and Juliet

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life :
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—A Public Place

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of
CAPULET, with swords and bucklers*

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry
coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o'
the collar.

Romeo and Juliet

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand : therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave ; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true ; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall :—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids ; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids ?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to

Romeo and Juliet

stand ; and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool ; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

Sam. My naked weapon is out : quarrel ; I will back thee.

Gre. How ! turn thy back and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry : I fear thee !

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say ay ?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say 'better': here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Enter BENVOLIO

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.*]
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word

Romeo and Juliet

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the fray ; then enter Citizens, with clubs

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans ! strike ! beat them down !

Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

Enter CAPULET, in his gown ; and Lady CAPULET

Cap. What noise is this ? Give me my long sword, ho !

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch ! Why call you for a sword ?

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE

Cap. My sword, I say !—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet !—Hold me not ; let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with his train

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Romeo and Juliet

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you
beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movéd prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away :
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.—
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, and *Attendants* ; CAPULET,

Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens*, and *Servants*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach?—

Romeo and Juliet

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them ; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared ;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and
part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made ; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his afflictions by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not
be found,

Romeo and Juliet

Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends :
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Romeo and Juliet

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance

Ben. See, where he comes : so please you, step
aside ;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me ! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours ?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes
them short.

Ben. In love ?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Romeo and Juliet

Should without eyes see pathways to his will !
Where shall we dine ? O me ! What fray was
here ?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here 's much to do with hate, but more with love :
Why, then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !
O anything, of nothing first created !
O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
Fearful of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it pressed
With more of thine : this love that thou hast
shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs ;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears :
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,

Romeo and Juliet

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along ;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ? why, no ;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will ;
A word ill urged to one that is so ill.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man ! And she's fair
I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss : she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit,
And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Romeo and Juliet

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste ;

For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair :
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me ; forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes :
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'T is the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair :
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair ?
Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

Romeo and Juliet

SCENE II.—A Street

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 't is, you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world ;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years :
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marred are those so early
made.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
'This night I hold an old-accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Romeo and Juliet

Such as I love ; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light ;
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be :
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there [*giving a paper*],
and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here ? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets ; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Romeo and Juliet

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessened by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning ;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-
man is,

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped, and tormented, and—Good-den, good
fellow.

Serv. God gi' good-den.—I pray, sir, can you
read ?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book :
but, I pray, can you read anything you see ?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the lan-
guage.

Serv. Ye say honestly ; rest you merry.

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. Stay, fellow ; I can read.

[*Reads.*

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters ;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters ; the
lady widow of Virgynio ; Signior Placentino and his
lovely nieces ; Mercutio and his brother Valentio ;
mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters ; my
fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Valentio, and
his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio, and the lively Helena.”

A fair assembly : whither should they come ?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither !

Serv. To supper ; to our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that
before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My
master is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be
not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and
crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry ! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admiréd beauties of Verona :
Go thither ; and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,

Romeo and Juliet

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires ;

And these, who, often drowned, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.

One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye ;
But in that crystal scales let there be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows
best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in CAPULET'S House

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter ? call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year
old,

I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, ladybird !—
God forbid !—where's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET

Jul. How now ! who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave
awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again :
I have remembered me, thou'st hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but
four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide ?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls !—
Were of an age : Well, Susan is with God ;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,

Romeo and Juliet

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;
That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years ;
And she was weaned,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day ;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall :
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
Nay, I do bear a brain :—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug !
Shake, quoth the dove-house : 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years ;
For then she could stand alone, nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about ;
For even the day before, she broke her brow :
And then my husband—God be with his soul !
'A was a merry man—took up the child :
' Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
Wilt thou not, Jule ?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'
To see now, how a jest shall come about !
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

Romeo and Juliet

I never should forget it : ‘ Wilt thou not, Jule ? ’
quoth he ;

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—‘ Ay.’

La. Cap. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy
peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but
laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—‘ Ay : ’

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockerel’s stone ;

A perilous knock ; and it cried bitterly :

‘ Yea,’ quoth my husband, ‘ fall’st upon thy face ?

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com’st to age ;

Wilt thou not, Jule ? ’ it stinted, and said—‘ Ay.’

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
his grace !

That was the prettiest babe that e’er I nursed !

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I come to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married ?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse,

Romeo and Juliet

I'd say, thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now ; younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers : by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief,—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very
flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the
gentleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content ;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride

Romeo and Juliet

For fair without the fair within to hide.
That look in many's eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story :
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ! nay, bigger : women grow by
men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris',
love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move ;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse
cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity.
I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow
straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county
stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy
days. [*Exeunt.*

Romeo and Juliet

SCENE IV.—A Street

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our
excuse,

Or shall we on without apology ?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch ; I am not for this
ambling ;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you
dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing
shoes

With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,

Romeo and Juliet

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpiercé with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burdn
love ;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love :

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in :

[Putting on a mask.

A visor for a visor !—what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter ; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light of
heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverbéd with a grandsire phrase ;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on :
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Romeo and Juliet

Mer. Tut ! dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word.

If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire,
Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that 's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask:
But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the Fairies' midwife ; and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep :

Romeo and Juliet

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the Fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love ;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

Romeo and Juliet

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from
ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail. On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S House

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a
trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a
foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the
court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save
me a piece of marchpane ; and, as thou lovest
me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and
Nell.—Antony ! and Potpan !

2 Serv. Ay, boy ; ready.

Romeo and Juliet

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—
Cheerly, boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer
liver take all. *[They retire behind.]*

*Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his
house, meeting the Guests and Maskers*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have
their toes
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with
you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
she,

I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall, a hall! give room; and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days :
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask ?

2 *Cap.* By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man ! 't is not so much, 't is not so
much.

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some three and twenty years : and then we masked.

2 *Cap.* 'T is more, 't is more : his son is elder,
sir ;

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that ?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand

Of yonder knight ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright !

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear ;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

Romeo and Juliet

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—

Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antick face,
To flee and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is 't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:

Romeo and Juliet

It is my will ; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest :
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured :
What ! goodman boy !—I say, he shall :—go to.
Am I the master here, or you ? go to.
You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my
soul,—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to :
You are a saucy boy :—is 't so, indeed ?—
This trick may chance to scathe you ;—I know
what.

You must contrary me ! marry, 't is time.—

Well said, my hearts !—You are a princox ; go :
Be quiet, or—More light, more light !—For shame !
I'll make you quiet. What !—cheerly, my hearts !

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meet-
ing
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. [*To JULIET.*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly
urged!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with
you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal;
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentle-
man?

Romeo and Juliet

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would
not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.

[*One calls within, "Juliet."*

Nurse. Anon, anon!—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus

Now old Desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young Affection gapes to be his heir:

That fair for which love groaned for and would die,

With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.

Romeo and Juliet

Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
Alike bewitchéd by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :

Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new belovéd anywhere.

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

[Exit.]

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—By the Wall of CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter ROMEO

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo ! Romeo !

Mer. He is wise ;

Romeo and Juliet

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leaped this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but 'Ah me!' pronounce but 'love' and
'dove,'

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him,—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjured it down;

That were some spite : my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night :
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poperin pear !
Romeo, good night :—I'll to my truckle-bed ;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter ROMEO

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]

Romeo and Juliet

But, soft ! what light through yonder window
breaks ?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she :

Be not her maid, since she is envious ;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—

It is my lady ; O, it is my love !

O, that she knew she were !—

She speaks, yet she says nothing ; what of that ?

Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As daylight doth a lamp : her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !

O ! that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek !

Jul.

Ay me !

Rom.

She speaks.—

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingéd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou
Romeo ?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name :
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I
speak at this ?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy :
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name ;

Romeo and Juliet

And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself !

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened
in night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee :
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How can'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore ?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch
these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out :

Romeo and Juliet

And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
eyes ;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogué, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to
inquire ;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

Romeo and Juliet

What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—'Ay,'
And I will take thy word ; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false : at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo !
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion ; therefore pardon me ;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discover'd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bless'd moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,
That mouthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;

Romeo and Juliet

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in
thee,

I have no joy of this contráct to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, ' It lightens.' Sweet, good night !
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
it ;

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have ;

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

Romeo and Juliet

My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !—
Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam !

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not
well,

I do beseech thee

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam !

Jul. By-and-by ; I come.—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [Retiring slowly.

Re-enter JULIET, above

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again !

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My dear ?

Jul. By what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. I will not fail : 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'T is almost morning ; I would have thee
gone :

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night : parting is such sweet
sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light ;

And fleckéd darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels :

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juicéd flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb ;

What is her burying grave, that is her womb :

And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find,

Many for many virtues excellent,

None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give ;

Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
 part,
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposéd kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs,—Grace, and rude Will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
 Young son, it argues a distempered head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature :
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast thou been, then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;

Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded ; both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies :

I bear no hatred, blesséd man, for, lo,

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;

And all combined, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage. When, and where, and how

We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
 Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
 If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
 And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence,
 then:

Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave
 To lay one in another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: her I love now
 Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
 The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
 Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

Romeo and Juliet

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow : they stumble that run
fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Street

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Romeo and Juliet

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—‘By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!’—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Sure wit: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-geese chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O ! here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad': which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Romeo and Juliet

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan 's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'T is no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you ?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ;—for himself to mar, quoth 'a ?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

Rom. I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well ? very well took, i' faith ; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

‘An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent :
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.’

Romeo, will you come to your father’s? we’ll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, ‘lady, lady, lady.’ [Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what way merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An ‘a speak anything against me, I’ll take him down, an ‘a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I’ll find those that shall. Scavy knave! I am none of his flirt gills: I am none of his skins-mates! And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Romeo and Juliet

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word ; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out : what she bid me say, I will keep to myself ; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say : for the gentlewoman is young ; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart ! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord ! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest ; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon ;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to ; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be
there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse ; behind the abbey-
wall,

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell ; be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.
Farewell ; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee ! Hark
you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

Nurse. Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear
say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir ; my mistress is the sweetest
lady—Lord, Lord !—when 't was a little prating
thing,—O,—There 's a nobleman in town, one
Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard ; but they

Romeo and Juliet

good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man ; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter ?

Rom. Ay, nurse ; what of that ? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the—— No : I know it begins with some other letter ; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit* ROMEO.]
Peter !

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan and go before, and
apace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden

Enter JULIET

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the
nurse ;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him ; that's not so.

O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over louring hills :
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey : and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me :
But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why
look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary ; give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste ? can you not stay awhile ?

Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath ?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo ! no, not he ; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench ; serve God. What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no ; but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Romeo and Juliet

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head
have I !

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back—o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back !
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your
mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ?—why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest :
' Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother ? '

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil !—come, what says
Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-
day ?

Jul. I have.

Romeo and Juliet

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell ;

There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark :
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go ; I 'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, Amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Romeo and Juliet

Feb. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will never wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Rom. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too
much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Romeo and Juliet

Brag of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
 short work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

SCENE I.—A Public Place

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me
his sword upon the table and says, 'God send me
no need of thee !' and, by the operation of the
second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed,
there is no need.

Romeo and Juliet

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Gentleman, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Romeo and Juliet

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—

Gentlemen, good den ; a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us ? Couple it with something ; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving ?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort ! what, dost thou make us minstrels ? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords : here's my fiddlestick ; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort !

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze :

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Romeo and Juliet

Enter ROMEO

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery :

Mary. I refer to him, he'll be your follower :
Your worship, in that sense, may call him 'man.'

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none ;
Therefore farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and
draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Romeo and Juliet

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Thou shalt find me here, and but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his scabbard, or the next drop of blood shall come about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.—
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.]

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What! art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is
enough.—

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide

Romeo and Juliet

as a church-door ; but 't is enough, 't will serve :
ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a
grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this
world.—A plague o' both your houses !—'Zounds !
a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to
death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights
by the book of arithmetic !—Why the devil came
you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses !
They have made worms' meat of me : I have it,
And soundly too :—your houses !

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin : O sweet Juliet !
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel !

Re-enter BENVOLIO

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead ;
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Romeo and Juliet

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend ;
'This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !—
Now, Tybalt, take the ' villain ' back again
That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company ;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. 'Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight ; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone !
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :
Stand not amazed : the prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken.—Hence !—be gone !—away !—

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool !—

Ben. Why dost thou stay ? [*Erit ROMEO.*]

Romeo and Juliet

Enter Citizens, &c

1 Cit. Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended. MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and others*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is
spilled

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay;
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink

Romeo and Juliet

How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure :—all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bowed,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
' Hold, friends ! friends, part ! ' and, swifter than
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled ;
But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
' This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague ;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :

Romeo and Juliet

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give :
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend ;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses ;
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

Romeo and Juliet

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter JULIET

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging ; such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked-of, and unseen ! —
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown
bold
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in
night ;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—

Romeo and Juliet

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed
night,

Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead.

Romeo and Juliet

We are undone, lady, we are undone.—

Alack the day !—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead !

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious ?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though Heaven cannot.—O, Romeo, Romeo—

Who ever would have thought it !—Romeo—

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus ?

This torture should be roared in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*,

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

If he be slain, say—*I* ; or if not,—no :

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes—

God save the mark ! - here on his manly breast :

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,

All in gore blood ;—I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart !—poor bankrupt, break
at once !

To prison, eyes ; ne'er look on liberty !

Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here,

Romeo and Juliet

And thou, and Romeo press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt ! the best friend I had :
O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughtered ? and is Tybalt dead ?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord ?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishéd ;
Romeo, that killed him, he is banishéd.

Jul. O God !—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did : alas the day, it did !

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !
Dove-feathered raven ! wolvish-ravening lamb !
Despiséd substance of divinest show !
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st ;
A damnéd saint, an honourable villain !—
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell

Romeo and Juliet

And Tybalt's death, that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?

Some word there was, worsè than Tybalt's death,

That murdered me : I would forget it fain ;

But, O, it presses to my memory

Like damnéd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishéd !'

'That 'banishéd,' that one word 'banishéd,'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there :

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be ranked with other griefs,

Why followed not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'

'Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have moved ?

But, with a rearward following Tybalt's death,

'Romeo is banishéd !'—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead : 'Romeo is banishéd !'

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death ; no words can that woe
sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse ;

Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine
shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowéd.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man:

Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,

Romeo and Juliet

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips.
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more, than death; do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banishéd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banishéd is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death;—then 'banishéd'
Is death mis-termed. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,

Romeo and Juliet

Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy : heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
But Romeo may not ; he is banishéd.
This may flies do, but I from this must fly :
They are free men, but I am banishéd.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground
knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—' banishéd '—to kill me ? ' Banishéd ' ?
O friar ! the damnéd use that word in hell ;
Howling attends it : how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly cónfessor,

Romeo and Juliet

A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word 'banishéd'?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that
word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishéd.

Rom. Yet 'banishéd'!—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost
not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banishéd,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*]

Romeo and Juliet

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study.—By-and-by.—God's will!

What simpleness is this!—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case,

Romeo and Juliet

Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end
of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with
her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curséd hand
Murdered her kinsman—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy

Romeo and Juliet

Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art :
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man ;
And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !
Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and
earth !
Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man ;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish ;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Romeo and Juliet

Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismembered with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
The law, that threatened death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessings light upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her ;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

Romeo and Juliet

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord ! I could have stayed here all the
night

To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Fri. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands all
your state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day, disguised from hence.

Sojourn in Mantua : I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here.

Give me thy hand ; 't is late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :

Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in CAPULET'S House

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and* PARIS

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I :—well, we were born to die.—
'T is very late ; she 'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good night : commend me to your
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow ;
To-night she 's mewed up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think, she will be ruled
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft : what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is
too soon ;

O' Thursday let it be :—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado :—a friend or two ;—
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

Romeo and Juliet

It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :—o' Thursday be it then.—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !
Afore me ! 't is so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-by.—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Orchard

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, above, at the window

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks

Romeo and Juliet

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops :
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay than will to go :
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Sneaking her half-song and muffled sharps
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and thrush
O, now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Romeo and Juliet

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone : more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light : more dark and dark
our woes !

Enter Nurse, to the chamber

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber :

The day is broke ; be wary, look about. *[Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll
descend. *[Descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love, lord, ay, husband,
friend !

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days :

O, by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. O God ! I have an ill-divining soul :
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! adieu !

[*Exit.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith ? Be fickle, fortune,
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter, are you up ?

Jul. Who is 't that calls ? is it my holy mother ?
Is she not down so late, or up so early ?
What unaccustomed cause procures her higher ?

Enter Lady CAPULET

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death ?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with
tears ?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him
live :

Romeo and Juliet

Therefore have done. Some grief shows lack of
love ;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

• *La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss but not the
friend

Which you so weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

Jul. What villain, madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him ! I do, with all my heart ;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
hands :

Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death !

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
thou not :

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,

Romeo and Juliet

Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed.—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him !

Lat. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

Lat. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child ;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

Lat. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

Romeo and Juliet

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter
too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so
yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle
dew ;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright. —
How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,

Romeo and Juliet

sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tosséd body. — How now, wife ?
Have you delivered to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How ' will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have, but thankful, that
you have :

Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now, chop-logic ! What
is this ?

‘ Proud,’—and ‘ I thank you,’—and ‘ I thank you
not ;’—

And yet ‘ not proud ;’—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Romeo and Juliet

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out, you baggage !

You tallow-face !

La. Cap. Fie, fie ! what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient
wretch !

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
blest,

That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips ; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den.

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Romeo and Juliet

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad :
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched ; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demerits, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whimpering mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—' I'll not wed,'—' I cannot love,'—
' I am too young,'—' I pray you, pardon me.'—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll never acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to 't, bethink you ; I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be pre-
vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack! that Heaven should practise strata-
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 't is. Romeo
Is banishéd, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.

Romeo and Juliet

O, he 's a lovely gentleman !

Romeo 's a dish out to him : an eagle, madam.

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first : or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 't were as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my soul too ; else beshrew
them both.

Jul. Amen !

Nurse. What ?

Jul. Well, then hast comforted me marvellous
much.

Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell

To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—

Romeo and Juliet

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy :
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind :
Uneven is the course ; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
'That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
'To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should
be slowed.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Romeo and Juliet

Enter JULIET

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That 'may be' must be, love, on Thursday
next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father ?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with
tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrongest it, more than tears, with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered
it.

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door ; and when thou hast done
so,
Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past
help !

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may proroque it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Romeo and Juliet

Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long experienced true,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy,

Fri. Hold, daughter : I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls :
Or bid me go into a new-made grave

Romeo and Juliet

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then : go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilléd liquor drink thou off ;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Romeo and Juliet

Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thee shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength: and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*]

Romeo and Juliet

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and two Servants

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit Servant.*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I 'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers : therefore, he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.— [*Exit Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnished for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence ?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her :

A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong ? where have you been gadding ?

Romeo and Juliet

Jul. Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests ; and am enjoined
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you !
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county : go tell him of this ;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell ;
And gave him what becoméd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't ; this is well : stand
up :

This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county ;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday ; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her :—we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision :
'T is now near night.

Romeo and Juliet

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her :
I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone :
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !—
They are all forth : well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber

Enter JULIET and Nurse

Jul. Ay, those attires are best : but, gentle
nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho ? need you my
help ?
Jul. No, madam ; we have culled such neces-
saries

Romeo and Juliet

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night :

Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?
No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear, it is ; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.

Romeo and Juliet

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for this many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad;—
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environéd with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Romeo and Juliet

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point :—stay, Tybalt, stay !—
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV. —CAPULET'S Hall

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter CAPULET

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath
crowed,

The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock :—

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica :

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go ;

Get you to bed , 'faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What ! I have watched
ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Romeo and Juliet

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
your time ;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets

Now, fellow,
What's there ?

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir ; but I know
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs :

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson,
ha !

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 't is day :
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would.—[*Music within.*] I hear
him near.—

Nurse !—Wife !—What, ho !—What, nurse, I say !

Enter Nurse

Go, waken Juliet ; go, and trim her up ;

Romeo and Juliet

I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,
Make haste : the bridegroom he is come already :
Make haste, I say. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber : JULIET on the bed

Enter Nurse

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her, she :—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—lie, you sing-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,
bride!

What, not a word!—you take your pennyworths
now ;

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest

That you shall rest but little. —God forgive me,

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her. —Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;

He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

What, dressed! and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas! Help! help! my lady's dead!

Romeo and Juliet

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !
Some aqua vitæ, ho ! My lord ! my lady !

Enter Lady CAPULET

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !

La. Cap. O me ! O me !—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee !—
Help, help !—Call help.

Enter CAPULET

Cap. For shame ! bring Juliet forth ; her lord
is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead ; alack
the day !

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead !

Cap. Ha ! let me see her.—Out, alas ! she's cold ;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;
Life and these lips have long been separated :
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O woful time !

Romeo and Juliet

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
 me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife.—There she lies,
Flower as she was, defloweréd by him
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir ;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all ; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
 face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful
 day !

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catched it from my sight !

Nurse. O woe ! O woful, woful, woful day !
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold !

Romeo and Juliet

O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !

Never was seen so black a day as this :

O woful day, O woful day !

Par. Beguiled, divorcéd, wrongéd, spited, slain !

Most détestable death, by thee beguiled,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown !—

O love ! O life !—not life, but love in death !

C'ap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyred,
killed !

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

'To murder, murder our solemnity ?—

O child ! O child !—my soul, and not my child !

Dead art thou !—Alack, my child is dead !

And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives
not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid ; now Heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid :

Your part in her you could not keep from death,

But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 't was your heaven she should be advanced :

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

Romeo and Juliet

That you run mad, seeing that she is well :
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church ;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral :
Our instruments to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in ;—and, madam, go with
him ;—

And go, Sir Paris :—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS,
and Friar.

Mos. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up :

Romeo and Juliet

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER

Peter. Musicians, O, musicians! 'Heart's ease,' 'Heart's ease:' O! an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

1 *Mus.* Why 'Heart's ease'?

Peter. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe.' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we: 't is no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Peter. No money, on my faith, but the glee: I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you! Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

Romeo and Juliet

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men :

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—*

Why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Pretty !—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too !—what say you, James Sound-post?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter. O, I cry you mercy ; you are the singer : I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding :—

*Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit.*

Romeo and Juliet

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same !

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack ! Come, we'll in here ;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street

Enter ROMEO

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to
think !—

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR

News from Verona !— How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?

Romeo and Juliet

How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then, I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

Romeo and Juliet

I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house :
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man,—I see, that thou art poor ;

Romeo and Juliet

Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have : but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back ;
The world is now thy friend, nor the world's law ;
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell :

Romeo and Juliet

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell

Enter Friar JOHN

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter Friar LAURENCE

Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

Romeo and Juliet

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake :
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents ;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come :
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb !
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Churchyard ; in it a Monument
belonging to the CAPULETS

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a
torch*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : hence, and stand
aloof ;—

Romeo and Juliet

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee ; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
strew,

O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by
moans :

The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep !—

[*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What curséd foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite ?
What, with a torch ?—muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires.*

Romeo and Juliet

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch,
mattock, &c*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter : early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face ;
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone ;
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take
thou that :

Live, and be prosperous : and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout :
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banished haughty Montague,
That murdered my love's cousin,—with which
grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

[*Advancing.*
Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague.

Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I
hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
Fly hence, and leave me : think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury : O, be gone !
By Heaven, I love thee better than myself,

For I come hither armed against myself :
Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then, have at thee,
boy. *[They fight.]*

Page. O Lord, they fight : I will go call the
watch. *[Exit.]*

Par. O, I am slain. *[Falls.]* If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face :
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet :
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so ?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

A grave ? O, no, a lantern, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.

[Laying PARIS in the monument.]

Romeo and Juliet

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry ! which their keepers call
A lightening before death : O, how may I
Call this a lightening ? O my love ! my wife !
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquered ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous ;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again : here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids ; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
last !

Romeo and Juliet

Arms, take your last end race ! and, lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.*] —O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick ! —Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*]

Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar
LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-
night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ! —Who's
there ?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my
friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my
master,
One that you love.

Romeo and Juliet

Fri. Who is it ?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there ?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence :

And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon
me ;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo !—[*Advancing.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discoloured by this place of peace ?

[*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo ! O, pale !—Who else ? what, Paris too ?
And steeped in blood ?—Ah ! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance !—

The lady stirs. [JULIET wakes.

Jul. O comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep :
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents : come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
And Paris too : come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no
longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

[*Exit Friar LAURENCE.*

What's here? a cup closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.
Thy lips are warm.

[*Watch.* [*Within.*] Look, boy!—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger! [Snatching ROMEO'S dagger.

Romeo and Juliet

This is thy sheath ; [*stabs herself*] there rust, and
let me die. [*Dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch
doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody : search about the
churchyard :

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search :—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR

2 *Watch.* Here 's Romeo's man ; we found him
in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince
come hither.

Romeo and Juliet

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry, 'Romeo,'
Some 'Juliet,' and some 'Paris,' and all run
With open outcry toward our monument:

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our
ears ?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

Romeo and Juliet

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughtered
Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O Heaven!—O wife, look how our daughter
bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in
this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder :
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnéd, and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife ;
I married them ; and their stolen marriage day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city :
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Besought, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris :—then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,

Romeo and Juliet

A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : meantime, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixéd hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of Heaven with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy ; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Romeo and Juliet

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua

To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father,

And threatened me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—

Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?—

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And, by-and-by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes, that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—

Romeo and Juliet

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love;

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punished.

Cap. O brother Montague! give me thy hand:
'This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardoned, and some punished;
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.

NOTES

Prologue p. 19. **Verona.**—The Veronese claim for their city the interest of having been the locality where the world-famed love story of Romeo and Juliet actually occurred. They show the traditional tomb of Juliet and give the date 1303 as that of the tragedy, but the story appears to be one localised in different places, and as its various elements are common to other mediæval romances, there is no reason to credit its authority. The first historian who recorded the history as fact did so after Da Porto, Bandello, and Boaistuau. &c., had written their works, and after the legend was already wide-spread among the people. Other early historians make no mention of it.

I. i. p. 22. **I will bite my thumb at them.**—A contemptuous gesture, made by way of insult, in order to provoke a quarrel. Cotgrave says: "To threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knocke." Decker, in his "*Dead Term*" (1608), speaking of the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's Church, says: "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what juggling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs* to beget quarrels!"

I. i. p. 24. **My long sword.**—Capulet calls for his long sword as being the weapon used in warfare, in contradistinction to the small sword or dress sword used on peaceful occasions.

I. iv. p. 42. **Mercutio.**—Called Marcuccio Guereis by Da Porto, Marcuccio by Bandello, and Marcucio by Boaistuau. Brooke says of him, ll. 254-262 :

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'And on the other side there sat one call'd Mercutio;
 A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
 For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of device.
 Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
 Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.
 With friendly gripe he seized fair Juliet's snowish hand;
 A gift he had that Nature gave him in his swathing band,
 That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,
 As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did them
 hold."

Mercutio's death in the fray, and his whole character is not to be found in the extant originals. Shakspeare probably borrowed here from a lost play (?) in English on *Romeo and Juliet* (?)

I. iv. p. 42. **The date is out of such prolixity.**—It was the custom formerly for those who came to an entertainment masked, either for the purpose of preserving their incognito or for the sake of temporarily puzzling their entertainers as to their identity, to precede their entrance by an address spoken to propitiate the host or hostess. In these addresses there was usually a lavish praise of the entertainers, and elaborate compliment to the beauty of the lady guests.

I. iv. p. 42. **A Tartar's painted bow of lath.**—The bows used by the Tartars, like most of those used by Asiatic nations, resembled in their form the antique Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals or bas-reliefs. Shakspeare employs the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, which is a segment of a circle in shape.

I. iv. p. 42. **A crow keeper.**—The name given to a farmer's boy sent to keep crows from the grain. Also, subsequently, to the stuffed figure put up in fields of corn for the same purpose, and now called a "scare-crow."

I. iv. p. 43. **I'll be a candle-holder.**—Proverbial phrase for an onlooker.

I. iv. p. 44. **If thou art dun, &c.**—An allusion to the country game called "Dun is in the mire." *Dun* was the name for a cart horse, represented sometimes by a man and sometimes by a log of wood, and hauled at by the

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to be exposed sticking in the mire. The expression occurs at the commencement of Chaucer's "*Manciple's Prologue*," where it is said by the host who wishes to have the cook ushered up from a morass of sleep into which he has sunk. It is one of the very old English games, which finds frequent mention in literature, occurring also in Copgrave, &c.

I. iv. p. 46. **Spanish blades.**—Sword-blades made in Spain, especially in Toledo and Bilbao, were very highly prized.

I. v. p. 47. **The court-cupboard.**—A kind of side-board, made with stages or shelves gradually receding, like stairs, to the top, whereon the plate was displayed on occasions of festive banquets.

I. v. p. 47. **Marchpane.**—A confection much in favour among our ancestors. It was made with filberts, almonds, pistachio nuts, pine-kernels, sugar of roses, and a small proportion of flour.

I. v. p. 48. **A hall ! a hall !**—An exclamation formerly used when it was needful to clear a space in a crowded assembly.

II. i. p. 56. **Adam Cupid.**—All the old editions give "Abraham" here for "*Adam*," but the latter being a proverbial name for a good marksman is probably correct, and would very likely be given on this occasion as a nick-name to Cupid who "shot so trim."

II. ii. p. 57. **He jests at scars that never felt a wound.**—In allusion to Mercutio's jesting at love which he had never experienced.

II. ii. p. 65. **Tassel-gentle.**—A corruption of "tiercel-gentle." The "tiercel" is the male of the goshawk, and so-called because it is a "tierce" (or third) less than the female.

II. iv. p. 74. **The wild-geese chase.**—A name for a particular kind of horse-race which was supposed to resemble the flight of geese. Two horses were started

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together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground he chose to take.

II. iv. p. 75. **A wit of cheveril.**—An allusion to the pliable quality of kid-skin. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. i. p. 77: "A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit."

II. iv. p. 77. **Skains-mates.**—"The word *skain*," says Mr. Staunton, "I am told by a Kentish man, was formerly a familiar term in parts of Kent to express what we now call a scapegrace or 'ne'er-do-well.'" Probably, as Steevens and Chambers suggest, *skin* or *skain* signifies a short knife or dagger. The Nurse meant Mercutio's fencing-school companions.

II. iv. p. 79. **Like a tackled stair.**—Like a rope-ladder in the tackle of a ship.

III. i. p. 90. **Pilcher.**—A facetious term for a sheath or scabbard. Nash, in his "*Picree Pennyless*" (1592), speaks of "a carremán in a lether *pilche*," and Shakspeare here used "*pilcher*" to express a leather case or cover.

III. ii. p. 96. **Phaethon.**—The son of Helios the Sun-god, whose chariot he attempted to drive.

III. ii. p. 96. **Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks.**—These are expressions borrowed from falconry. A hawk had its head covered with a *hood* until the moment when it was sent forth to fly at its quarry; an *unmanned* hawk is one that is untamed, one unfamiliar with its trainer; and *bating* is beating with the wings, fluttering violently in attempts to escape.

III. iii. p. 109. **Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask.**—The ancient English soldiers, using match-locks, instead of locks as at present constructed, were obliged to carry a lighted match hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden flask in which they kept their powder.

III. iii. p. 110. **Here stands all your state.**—Upon this depends all your welfare.

III. vi. p. 111. She is mew'd up to her heaviness. —She is keeping herself confined to her room, brooding over her grief.

III. v. p. 113. The lark and loathed toad change eyes. —It was an old belief—arising from the toad having beautiful eyes with an ugly body, and the lark being said to have ugly eyes with a beautiful song—that the toad and the lark had exchanged eyes.

III. v. p. 115. Dry sorrow drinks our blood. The belief that grieving exhausts the blood, takes colour from the cheek, and impairs the health is more than once alluded to by Shakspeare.

III. v. p. 119. **Take me with you.**—An idiomatic phrase meaning "Let me understand you."

III. v. p. 119. **Chop-logic.**—That this was used as a nick-name is shown by a passage from "*The XXIIII Orders of Knaves*"—"Choplogyk is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes he will gyve hym xx wordes for one."

IV. i. p. 126. The label to another deed. Instead of being placed on the deeds themselves, seals of attestation were placed upon labels or slips of parchment, which were appended to the deeds.

IV. i. p. 129. In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier. —The ancient custom here recorded, of bearing a dead body to the grave richly attired, and with the face uncovered, still prevails in parts of Italy.

IV. ii. p. 130. Cannot lick his own fingers. Pattenham, in his "*Arte of English Poesie*" (1589), gives the proverbial saying here alluded to:—

"As the olde cocke crowes, so doeth the chicke:
A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers licke."

IV. iii. p. 134. Shricks like mandrakes. There was a superstitious belief attached to the root called the *mandrake*. In Bulleine's "*Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness*" (1575), there is an account of this fabulously endowed plant:—"Without the death of some lyvinge

thinge it cannot be drawn out of the earth to man's use ; therefore they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof with a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terreble shriek and cry of this Mandrack. In whych cry it doth not only dye itselfe but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."

IV. iv. p. 135. **Cot-quean**.—An old name for a man who meddled and pottered in domestic affairs.

IV. iv. p. 136. **Mouse-hunt**.—Woman-hunter. An old name for a stoat, marten, or weasel, accustomed to hunt for its prey in the night-time. "Mouse" was formerly a term of familiar endearment for a woman, hence Lady Capulet's sportive reference to the days when her husband had been a young gallant.

IV. v. p. 142. "**Heart's ease**," "**My heart is full of woe**."—The names of two popular ballads of Shakspere's time.

IV. v. p. 143. "**When griping grief**," &c.—This is the commencement of a song "In Commendation of Musick," by Richard Edwards, printed in "*The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*" (1576).

V. i. p. 146. **An alligator stuffed**.—This formed a customary part of the appointments of an apothecary's shop in Shakspere's time.

V. iii. p. 151. **In dear employment**.—Gems were supposed to possess valuable properties and peculiar virtues.

V. iii. p. 153. **A lantern**.—One of those spacious round or octagonal turrets full of windows, by means of which cathedrals and sometimes halls are illuminated, and styled in ancient records a "lanternium." There is a beautiful specimen at Ely Minster.

V. iii. p. 154. **A lightning before death**.—It was an old belief that previously to coming misfortune or death men are in unusually high spirits.

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V. p. 164. And some punished. — This line has reference to the distribution of pardon and punishment as detailed in the poem, whence Shakspeare took the groundwork of his Play; for there the Nurse is banished for having concealed the marriage; Romeo's servant is acquitted, because he acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary is hanged; and the friar dismissed to end his days in a hermitage.

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY



GLOSSARY

- Abroach:** on foot, going. I. i. p. 25.
- Abused:** disfigured. IV. i. p.
- Advise:** reflect. III. iv. p. 121.
- Affecting:** affected. II. iv. p. 72.
- Affections:** inclinations. I. i. p. 26.
- Affray:** frighten. III. v. p. 113.
- Against:** in preparation for. III. iv. p. 112.
- Agate-stone:** figures cut in agate-stone set in a ring. I. iv. p. 41.
- All along:** at full length. V. iii. p. 170.
- Alla stoccata:** a rapier thrust or stab. III. i. p. 85.
- Amerce:** punish. III. i. p. 95.
- Ancient:** aged. II. iii. p. 70.
- Antick:** fantastic. I. v. p. 50.
- Ape:** here used as a term of affectionate familiarity. (Similarly in *II. Henry IV.*, Act II. iv.) II. i. p. 56.
- Aquæ vitæ:** probably here meaning brandy. A name used generally for spirituous liquors. III. ii. p. 104.
- Aspired:** soared to. III. i. p. 91.
- Associate:** accompany. V. ii. p. 148.
- Attach:** arrest. V. iii. p. 158.
- Baked-meats:** pastry. IV. iv. p. 135.
- Banquet:** a "re-re-supper" or "after-supper." The commencement of the scene shows that supper is over. I. v. p. 53.
- Bating:** flapping, fluttering. III. ii. p. 96. (See Notes.)
- Becomed:** becoming. IV. ii. p. 131.
- Betossed:** troubled. V. iii. p. 153.
- Bill:** pike. I. i. p. 21.
- Brain:** memory. I. iii. p. 38.
- Butt-shaft:** a barbless arrow used for shooting at the butts. II. iv. p. 72.
- Calitiff:** miserable. French, *clatif*. V. i. p. 146.
- Canker:** canker-worm. II. iii. p. 68.
- Captain of compliments:** master of ceremonies, rules, and observances. II. iv. p. 72.
- Carry coals:** submit to indignities. I. i. p. 20.
- Challenge:** claim. III. iv. p. 122.
- Chapless:** lacking jaws. IV. i. p. 127.
- Charge:** importance. V. ii. p. 119.
- Cheveril:** kid-skin (noted for pliability). II. iv. p. 75.
- Chinks:** vulgar term for "money." I. v. p. 53.
- Chop-logic:** quibbler, sophist. III. v. p. 119. (See Notes.)
- Civil:** sober. III. ii. p. 96.
- Closely:** secretly. V. iii. p. 162.
- Cockatrice:** a fabulous serpent said to have the head of a cock, and to strike dead by a look. III. ii. p. 98.
- Cock-a-hoop:** "set —"; play the blusterer. I. v. p. 51.
- Coil:** noise, turmoil; here means fuss. II. v. p. 83.
- Coldly:** coolly, quietly. III. i. p. 88.
- Commission:** here used for "authority." IV. i. p. 127.
- Conceit:** imagination. II. vi. p. 85.
- Conduct:** guide. III. i. p. 155.

Glossary

- Conduit:** a statue through which water flowed from a fountain. III. v. p. 118.
- Conjurations:** entreaties. V. iii. p. 153.
- Contrary:** oppose. I. v. p. 51.
- Convoy:** means of access. II. iv. p. 79.
- Counterfeit:** "gave us the —," tricked us. II. iv. p. 73.
- Coutervall:** out-weight. II. vi. p. 84.
- County:** count. I. iii. p. 41.
- Courtship:** courtly conduct. III. iii. p. 104.
- Cousin:** kinsman. I. v. p. 49.
- Cover:** a play upon the legal term "coverture," which signifies marriage subsistent. Old French *femme couverte*, meaning "married woman." I. iii. p. 40.
- Cross:** adverse. IV. iii. p. 132; hinder. V. iii. p. 150.
- Crow:** crow-bar. V. ii. p. 149.
- Crush a cup:** equivalent to our modern "crack a bottle." I. ii. p. 35.
- Cynthia's brow:** i.e. Diana, the moon. III. v. p. 113.
- Dared:** challenged. II. iv. p. 71.
- Dateless:** endless. V. iii. p. 155.
- Dear:** real. III. iii. p. 104; great. V. ii. p. 119.
- Defence:** weapons of defence. III. iii. p. 109.
- Demesnes:** estates. III. v. p. 121.
- Deny:** refuse. I. v. p. 48.
- Depend:** foreshadow. III. i. p. 92.
- Despite:** defiance. V. iii. p. 152.
- Determine of:** decide. III. ii. p. 98.
- Digressing:** deviating, swerving. III. iii. p. 108.
- Discover:** reveal. III. i. p. 91.
- Discovered:** betrayed. II. ii. p. 62.
- Dislike:** displease. II. ii. p. 60.
- Disparagement:** harm. I. v. p. 50.
- Displant:** transplant. III. iii. p. 105.
- Dispute:** reason, debate. III. iii. p. 105.
- Distemperature:** illness. II. iii. p. 68.
- Distempered:** diseased. IV. i. p. 68.
- Distraught:** driven mad. IV. iii. p. 134.
- Division:** florid ornamentation, here used quibblingly to express also "separation." III. v. p. 113.
- Doubt:** distrust. V. iii. p. 152.
- Drave:** drove. I. i. p. 26.
- Drift:** plan, scheme. IV. i. p. 129.
- Dry-beat:** thrash soundly. III. i. p. 90.
- Dump:** a doleful or plaintive air. IV. v. p. 142.
- Elf-locks:** locks matted by elves. I. iv. p. 46.
- Enforce:** force. V. iii. p. 152.
- Enpierced:** pierced through. I. iv. p. 43.
- Envious:** malignant. III. ii. p. 98.
- Ethiop:** Ethiopian. I. v. p. 49.
- Expire:** end. I. iv. p. 47.
- Extremes:** the extremity of my position. IV. i. p. 127.
- Extremity:** dreadful plight. I. iii. p. 41.
- Fair:** fair one, beauty. Epilogue I. p. 54.
- Fantasticoes:** absurdly affected persons. II. iv. p. 72.
- Farewell compliment:** away with affectation. II. ii. p. 62.
- Fay:** faith. I. v. p. 53.
- Fearful:** full of fear. III. iii. p. 102.
- Fee-simple:** a legal term used to express "possession for ever." III. i. p. 87.
- Fettle:** make ready. III. v. p. 119.
- First house:** first rank. II. iv. p. 72.
- Flecked:** mottled. II. iii. p. 67.
- Fleer:** sneer. I. v. p. 50.
- Flirt-gills:** romps, hoydens. II. v. p. 77.

Glossary

- Fond**: foolish. III. iii. p. 105.
Foolish: trifling. I. v. p. 53.
Frank: liberal. II. ii. p. 63.
Free-town: name of one of Capulet's castles. I. i. p. 26.
French slop: large loose trousers. II. iv. p. 73.
Furnish: adorn. IV. ii. p. 131.
Gear: matter, stuff. II. iv. p. 75; concoction, potion. V. i. p. 147.
Ghostly: spiritual. II. ii. p. 66.
Give you: call you. IV. v. p. 142.
Gleek: joke. IV. v. p. 142.
Glooming: gloomy. V. iii. p. 164.
Good-den: corruption of "good-evening." II. iv. p. 76.
Gore: clotted. III. ii. p. 98.
Grace: virtue, power. II. iii. p. 67.
Grievance: trouble. I. i. p. 28.
Gyves: fetters. II. ii. p. 66.
Hair: "against the 'ag, just the grain.'" II. iv. p. 75.
Hap: "dear —"; good fortune. II. ii. p. 66.
Harlotry: contemptuous expression for "wilful girl." IV. ii. p. 130.
Have at thee: take warning. I. i. p. 24.
Hay: a home thrust in fencing. II. iv. p. 72.
Heartless: cowardly. I. i. p. 23.
Heaviness: sorrow. III. iv. p. 111.
Heavy: sorrowful. I. i. p. 27.
Hilding: base creature. III. v. p. 120.
Hinds: servants. I. i. p. 23.
Holidame: corruption of 'holy dame,' an oath. I. iii. p. 38.
Help: helped. I. ii. p. 34.
Hood: hide, cover. III. ii. p. 96. (See Notes.)
Humorous: humid. II. i. p. 57.
Humours: here used in the sense of "amorous fancies." II. i. p. 27.
Hunts-up: the call to the hunt. III. v. p. 114.
Impeach: accuse. V. iii. p. 161.
Indite: invite. Used by Beaulieu as a set off to the nurse's blunder in saying "*confidenc*," for "conference." II. iv. p. 76.
Inherit: possess, have. I. ii. p. 151.
Jealous: suspicious. V. iii. p. 151.
Joint-stools: folding chairs. I. i. p. 47.
Joy: rejoice. II. ii. p. 63.
Kindly: aptly. II. iv. p. 73.
Lammas-tide: August 1st. I. iii. p. 37.
Late: recently. III. i. p. 92.
Level: aim. III. iii. p. 107.
Like: approve. I. iii. p. 41.
List: choose. I. i. p. 22.
Living: possession, wealth. IV. i. p. 127.
Long to speak: slow in speaking. IV. i. p. 127.
Love: the goddess of love, Venus. II. v. p. 81.
Mab: the fairy queen. I. iv. p. 44.
Made: did. V. iii. p. 163.
Mammet: puppet. III. v. p. 121.
Manage: course. III. i. p. 43.
Margent: margin. I. iii. p. 46.
Mean: means. III. iii. p. 104.
Measure: dance. I. iv. p. 42.
Medicine: medicinal, curative. II. iii. p. 68.
Mickle: much, great. II. iii. p. 67.
Minion: properly 'favourite,' 'darling,' here used contemptuously for 'impudent person.' III. v. p. 119.
Minute: minutes. V. iii. p. 162.
Mistempered: ill-tempered. I. i. p. 25.
Modern: customary, ordinary. III. ii. p. 101.
Moved: aggravated. I. i. p. 21.
Much upon these years: at about your age. I. iii. p. 40.
Muffle: conceal. V. iii. p. 150.
Natural: idiot. II. iv. p. 75.
Naught: bad. III. ii. p. 100.
Needily will: necessarily must. III. ii. p. 101.
New: just. I. i. p. 28.

Glossary

- Nice**: trivial, insignificant. III. i. p. 94.
- Nothing**: not in the least. I. i. p. 25.
- Odds**: enmity. I. ii. p. 32.
- O'erperch**: jump over. II. ii. p. 60.
- Old murderer**: one accustomed to murder. III. iii. p. 107.
- Once**: only. I. iii. p. 39.
- Operation**: effect. III. i. p. 86.
- Orchard**: an old name for a garden. II. i. p. 56.
- Outrage**: uproar, clamour. V. iii. p. 160.
- Overwhelming**: overhanging. V. i. p. 146.
- Owes**: owns. II. ii. p. 59.
- Pardonnez-mois**: people who are always apologising for themselves. II. iv. p. 72.
- Part and part**: one side or the other. I. i. p. 26.
- Partisans**: pikes or halberds. I. i. p. 24.
- Passado**: a forward thrust in fencing. II. iv. p. 72.
- Passing**: supremely. I. i. p. 31.
- Pastry**: the room where the pastry was made. IV. iv. p. 135.
- Pay that doctrine**: give you that teaching. I. i. p. 31.
- Feruse**: examine. V. iii. p. 153.
- Pilcher**: *see* Notes. III. i. p. 90.
- Pin**: the centre of the target in archery. II. iv. p. 72.
- Poor John**: hake, salted and dried. I. i. p. 22.
- Portly**: of good carriage, noble demeanour. I. v. p. 50.
- Post**: haste. V. iii. p. 163.
- Presence**: presence chamber. V. iii. p. 163.
- Prevails**: serves. III. iii. p. 105.
- Prick-song**: technical term for written descant, the harmony being written or "pricked" down. *Prick-song* books were used in all churches. II. iv. p. 72.
- Princox**: forward boy. I. v. p. 51.
- Procures**: brings. III. v. p. 115.
- Prodigious**: portentous. I. v. p. 54.
- Proof**: experience. I. i. p. 28.
- Properer**: handsomer. II. iv. p. 80.
- Pump**: shoe. II. iv. p. 74.
- Punto reverso**: a back-handed stroke in fencing. II. iv. p. 72.
- Purge**: clear from suspicion. V. iii. p. 161.
- Purged**: made clear. I. i. p. 29.
- Quite**: requite. II. iv. p. 79.
- Quote**: observe, note. I. iv. p. 43.
- Reckoning**: estimation. I. ii. p. 32.
- Reeky**: foul. IV. i. p. 127.
- Remedies**: "both our —"; the remedy for both of us. II. iii. p. 69.
- Respective**: considerate. III. i. p. 92.
- Retorts**: resists and returns. III. i. p. 94.
- Rood**: cross. I. iii. p. 38.
- Ropery**: roguery. II. iv. p. 77.
- Rosemary**: a herb used at weddings and funerals as a symbol of remembrance. IV. v. p. 141.
- Roie**: "read by—"; "know by heart." II. iii. p. 70.
- Runagate**: vagabond. III. v. p. 116.
- Rushed**: set; "— aside," evaded. III. iii. p. 104.
- Sack**: destroy. III. iii. p. 108.
- Sadly**: seriously. I. i. p. 30.
- Sadness**: seriousness. I. i. p. 30.
- Scant**: scarcely. I. ii. p. 36.
- Scathe**: injure. I. v. p. 51.
- Shrift**: confession. IV. ii. p. 130.
- Shrived**: absolved by a priest. II. iv. p. 79.
- Simpleness**: folly. III. iii. p. 106.
- Simples**: medicinal herbs. V. i. p. 146.
- Single - soled**: contemptible. II. iv. p. 74.
- Slip**: a name in common use for a counterfeit piece of money. II. iv. p. 74.
- Sober suited**: quietly dressed. III. ii. p. 96.

Glossary

- So ho!** the sportsman's cry when the hare is found and started. II. iv. p. 76.
- Soon-speeding:** quickly despatching. V. i. p. 147.
- Sped:** done for. III. i. p. 90.
- Spell:** "could not—"; knew nothing of real love. II. iii. p. 70.
- Spite:** defiance. I. i. p. 24; annoyance. II. i. p. 57.
- Spleen:** passion. III. i. p. 91.
- Starveth in:** gaze hungrily from. V. i. p. 147.
- Stay:** wait for. II. v. p. 82; detain. V. iii. p. 159.
- Steads:** helps. II. iii. p. 69.
- Still:** ever. I. i. p. 28.
- Stinted:** stopped. I. iii. p. 39.
- Straight:** immediately. I. iii. p. 41.
- Strains:** distresses and perplexes. IV. i. p. 126.
- Strange:** reserved. II. ii. p. 62; unfamiliar. III. ii. p. 96.
- Stratagems:** torments. III. v. p. 122.
- Strucken:** strack. I. i. p. 31.
- Suit:** a solicitation to obtain Court promotion. I. iv. p. 45.
- Surcease:** stop beating. IV. i. p. 128.
- Swashing:** dashing. I. i. p. 23.
- Sweeting:** a sweet kind of apple. II. iv. p. 74.
- Swounded:** swooned. III. ii. p. 98.
- Take the wall:** get the better of. I. i. p. 21.
- Teen:** sorrow, grief. I. iii. p. 37.
- Temper:** mix. III. v. p. 117.
- Tender:** regard, hold. III. i. p. 89; offer. III. iv. p. 111.
- Tetchy:** fretful. I. iii. p. 38.
- Therewithal:** with it. V. iii. p. 163.
- Thorough:** through. II. iv. p. 72.
- Thought:** hoped. IV. v. p. 139.
- Timeless:** untimely. V. iii. p. 50.
- To-night:** last night. I. iv. p. 41; II. iv. p. 71.
- Towards:** prepared. I. v. p. 50.
- Toy:** freak, whim. IV. i. p. 129.
- Trencher:** plate. I. v. p. 47.
- Troth:** truth. II. iv. p. 76.
- Unattainted:** unprejudiced. I. ii. p. 35.
- Uncomfortable:** distressing, cheerless. IV. v. p. 140.
- Unfurnished:** unprovided. IV. ii. p. 130.
- Unmanned:** untrained. III. ii. p. 96. (See Notes.)
- Unstuffed:** not overweighted. II. iii. p. 68.
- Utters:** sells. V. i. p. 147.
- Vanished:** issued. III. iii. p. 103.
- Versal:** universal. II. iv. p. 80.
- Vexed:** troubled. I. i. p. 29.
- View:** appearance. I. i. p. 28.
- View:** sight. I. i. p. 28.
- Visor:** a mask. I. v. p. 48.
- Wax:** "a man of —"; as handsome as a wax model. I. iii. p. 40.
- Waxes:** grows. I. v. p. 51.
- Weeds:** garments. V. i. p. 147.
- Well said:** well done. I. iii. p. 51.
- What:** who. I. v. p. 53.
- Wit:** "Dian's —"; Dian's sentiments; an allusion to Diana, goddess of chastity. I. i. p. 30.
- Wit:** "'tis no —"; it is not wise. I. iv. p. 44.
- With:** by. I. iv. p. 44.
- With:** through. V. iii. p. 152.
- Wot:** know. III. ii. p. 102.
- Wreak:** revenge. III. iv. p. 117.
- Yard:** yard-measure. I. ii. p. 33.
- 'Zeounds:** "God's wounds"; an oath. III. i. p. 88.

